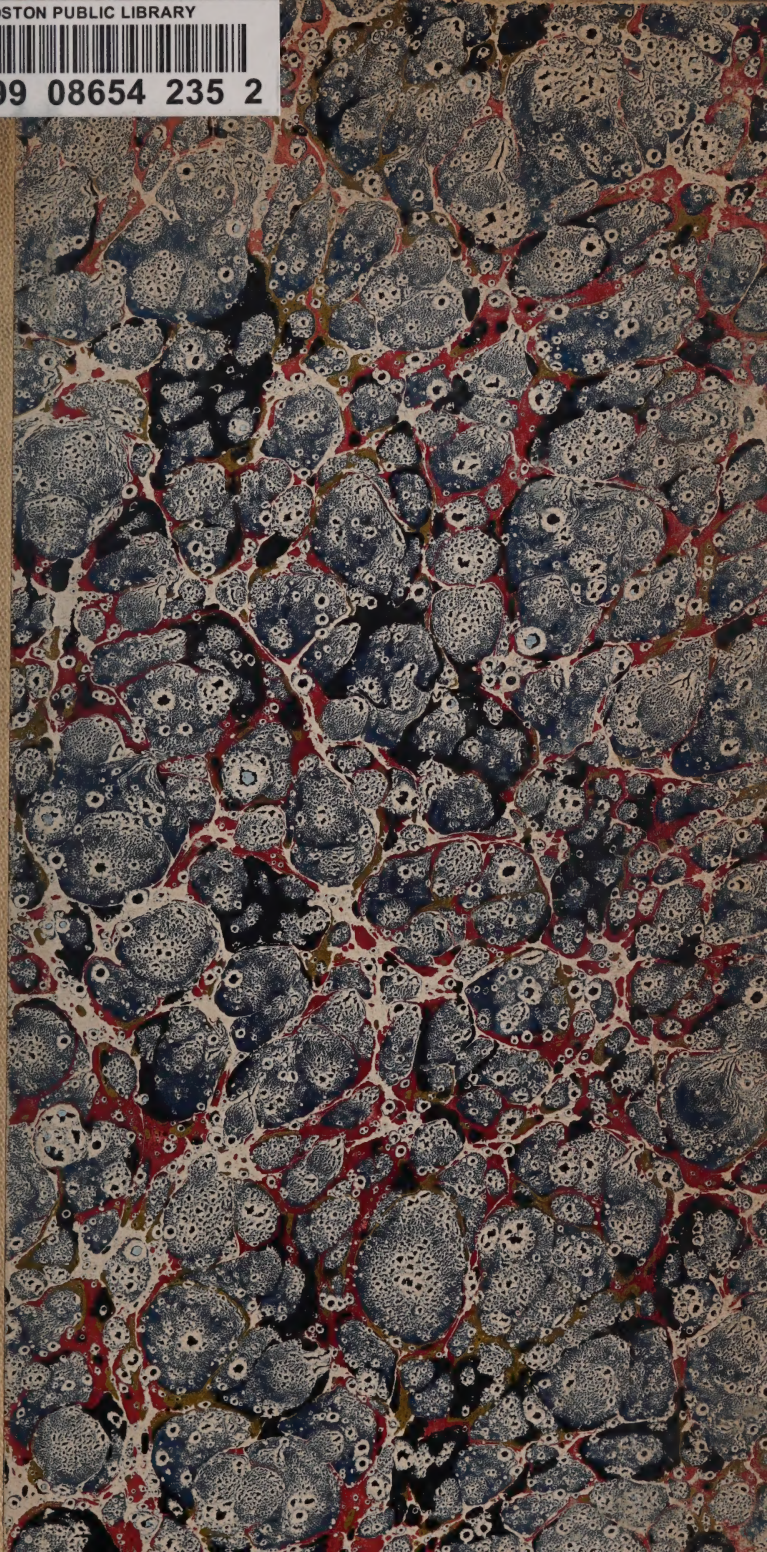


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ADDRESS

17549 FROM THE

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Irish Temperance Society

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OF

7588.240

BOSTON,

TO THEIR COUNTRYMEN

IN

AMERICA.

1836

ADDRESS

FROM THE

IRISH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

OF

BOSTON,

TO THEIR COUNTRYMEN

IN

AMERICA.

7588.240

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY DEVEREUX & DONAHOE,

FOR THE SOCIETY.

1836.

PLEDGE

OF THE

IRISH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

1945

NOV 28 1970

ADDRESS.

17549

FELLOW CITIZENS AND COUNTRYMEN :

It is our lot to live in the age of associated benevolence, and in common with others under this Republican Government, to enjoy many privileges which were denied us by the accession of our own trampled on country, to the dominion of a Government, the administration of whose laws are alike intolerable to the poor man and the patriot.

Various motives may have conspired to induce us from the place of our birth, the scenes of our childhood, and of our first love : many, perhaps, prompted by a sense of unmerited, constant oppression, while not a few by a desire to better their pecuniary condition, in a land where labour is more valuable, and industry, in every department, more liberally encouraged. Perhaps all of us can find the many inducements which led us hither, in the words of Allan Cunningham's inimitable effusion, entitled, "*The Emigrant's Lament*,"—

" While some for glory, more for gain,
Rejoicing, brave the perilous main,
But fate on sterner terms wafts me,
Thus sorrowing, o'er the stormy sea,
A song of mingled scorn and woe
Bursts from my lips forth as I go."

Scorn for a government professedly liberal, and yet crushing the first aspirations to equality and freedom ; and woe, in that, his native land, he ne'er again may tread, nor breathe its mountain air, unless, perchance, some mandate royal should a truce

ordain,* and lingering longer, share the fate of patriot martyrs—of Emmett, or the “gallant! gallant!! Edward!!”

Laying aside, however, the reasons why we have left the land that can never fail to have a share in our affections, one thing is evident, viz.: that we have here sought, and not in vain, a place where industry and real merit, in whatever department it may appear, is duly appreciated, and equitably rewarded. Some, it may be, will be disposed to question this; but, we think, at first sight only, since, of the thousands that annually embark for the new world, a great portion make it their home for life, while comparatively few return. This fact appears to us to be presumptive, if not positive evidence, that all *rational* expectations of our countrymen are nearly, if not wholly realized.

Many of our countrymen avow their allegiance to this Government in the manner and form prescribed by its laws, while, perhaps, a still greater number do not, notwithstanding that their feelings for the country's welfare may not be less warm, nor their attachment less sincere, nor their motives less pure. These have the protection of the laws, while the former have not only their protection, but are at once admitted, fully and freely, to the enjoyment of all the rights and privileges accruing to the *native-born citizen*.

A very interesting question, therefore, arises in the minds of *native Americans*, viz.: whether we are worthy of this unqualified participation, not only in the institutions for which has been shed—

“The best blood that warms the vein,”

but also to the making of the very laws which govern these institutions? This is not a new question,—it is one which has often been presented, and perhaps will be again as often. It is a question as natural as it is proper,—a question which it behooves us, as honest men, to answer in a manner at

* A truce of thirty days was lately granted by William IV. to the venerable and uncompromising ARTHUR O'CONNOR, of '96 memory, to visit Ireland: he was banished for life because he dared to assert his country's freedom.

once categorical,—a question which, while we scrupulously guard inviolate the liberties we enjoy, it becomes us to answer in the affirmative, not so much by our words, as by our actions. “In times that tried men’s souls,” our countrymen shunned not the battle field, and spared not their blood. Our moral courage is not less in requisition now, than was then their physical. The time for energetic, moral action has come,—profession is useless, liable to perversion, may be, and perhaps often has been, misconstrued; action is unequivocal—action is demonstrative—action cannot be gainsayed.

To this country each and all of us owe high and solemn responsibilities,—duties which can and should be fulfilled. Do we, then, fellow countrymen, go too far in saying, that since they can and should be, they must and will be discharged? We count—we rely on your unanimous, your unhesitating, your enthusiastic—No.

As a part and parcel of this great and growing Republic, we have a common interest in every movement throughout its length and breadth, whether those movements be political or benevolent. This interest is daily and yearly increasing. Yourselves may, and your children will, have a voice in America’s councils; and the course that you pursue in relation to the benevolent operations of this day, will give an impulse to their voice in that day, determining, to a high degree, its tone and tenor, either to good or to evil, to the perpetuation or annihilation of political and religious freedom.

As men, then, we owe ourselves a high duty—our country a still higher,—but to Him for whom we should live, and to whom we should consecrate our best faculties and affections, we owe the highest,—and in each and all of these important relations, it becomes us first, carefully to examine what those duties are, and then perform them with all our might.

Amongst the many modern operations for the benefit of mankind, that of TEMPERANCE is not the least, and perhaps second to none. It is a cause which, at a period not yet far distant, had many open, and still more secret enemies. Its advocates were like angel’s visits, “few and far between,” but they were thrice

armed, for their cause was just, and their faith was in the adage, "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*" Its champions have achieved great triumphs, and in the flush of victory are going onward to still greater and better. In a few years public opinion has undergone no inconsiderable revolution. The pulpit, to its credit be it said, has successfully wielded the efficacious weapon of Gospel truth,—and that still more powerful engine, the press, has scattered light and facts throughout the world, in all the fearlessness with which the lord of the forest shakes the gathered dew from off his rugged mane, or the eagle spreads abroad his pinions, to soar in proud defiance of the sportsman and his leaden messenger.

Each has felt the cause of Temperance to be the cause of the people and of humanity, and they have resolved to sell it only as the patriot sells his country—with his life.

Intemperance is the enemy of all men,—of the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant. It is *certain* ruin to the man who abuses it. It is possible, nay *probable* ruin to him who at all uses it. It is an enemy requiring fetters stronger than the lion, an enemy not fit for liberty, and if not fit for liberty, then not fit for life. It has already struck its flag and called for compromise, but Temperance admitting of no neutral ground between good and evil, replies in the language of one on the carnage field of Waterloo, when 'Monsieur exclaimed, "quarter! quarter!!" "We ha na time for quartering mon, ye may be unco content wi bein cut in twa." Temperance points its opponent to its countless throng of seduced and ruined victims, and significantly exclaims, "Extermination or nothing!"

Fellow Countrymen, in the noble cause of Temperance we may well blush to confess our lethargy; but let us not despair, for since the wheel is now in motion we can yet redeem the time. Say, then, shall we not redeem it? This lethargy, as might be expected, has given room for the impression, "that Irishmen were averse to the growth of Temperance, and consequently to the growth of morals." Now it is for us to say whether we will tacitly admit this impression to be founded on fact, or, by our conduct, prove that it is founded on error. It

is for us to say whether we are *en masse* abettors of intemperance, or deliberately, yet energetically refute it. The impression that is abroad on this subject is either literally true or literally false. If true, and intemperance is worthy of our approbation, then sleep on. But if false, and we see its effects in undermining the health, and blighting the reputation ;

“ *Reputation*, take this away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay—”

if its effects are to drain from us our hard earned dollars, to engender “ vice, and crime, and pauperism,” making beggars of our countrymen, widows of their wives, and orphans of their children,—if its effects are to bring to a premature grave those of our countrymen whose characters, in every other point of view, stand enviable, and whose talents and education would otherwise render them useful to themselves, and ornaments alike to their native and adopted country,—if these are the effects of the use of intoxicating drinks, (and who can doubt it) is it not high time that we should rouse from our lethargy,—high time that we should be up and doing,—high time that we should neither touch, taste, nor handle ?

This is a measure which is tangible ; it will show a willingness to acquiesce with the oft repeated injunctions of the pulpit, nor is it going too far, it is only reducing pulpit theory to personal practice. Thus will we acquire and receive well earned credit, and do ourselves and our countrymen at large, an amount of good, which, if we were to enumerate its tithe, might appear incredible. Thus, beyond a doubt, will we evince our interest in America’s welfare, and elevate the character of *Ireland and her sons*.

With these truths before us, then, how could we longer remain unconvinced of a duty, at once plain, positive and practical ? How keep aloof from forming a society which must, in all reason, meet the views of even the most *fastidious*, and preponderate against all the objections which art, ingenuity, interest, and the fiend of intemperance itself, could invent ? Obligated to witness daily the pains and penalties consequent on

the deleterious practice of *rum drinking*, could we longer refrain from taking such a stand as appeared best calculated to prevent our countrymen from becoming a laughing stock, and a by-word to the venal and the vulgar,—a ruin to their helpless innocent families—a reproach to their country—a disgrace to their species? Did we not leave Ireland, governed by a high and proud feeling of honest and honourable emulation, and not to be more degraded and more stricken with penury? While we inveigh against the tyranny that drove us from our birth-place on earth, shall we join hands with a tyrant that would deprive us of a place in heaven? In fleeing from the government of Britain, shall we embrace the government of Bacchus?

To the prevention of the evils of intemperance, some of our countrymen earlier and deeper impressed with a sense of its necessity, commenced the work of reform, and their labours have proved highly creditable to themselves, and to their enlightened and philanthropic leader, Rev. Mr. Shanahan, of Troy, N. Y.* The Irishmen of Boston, while they feel that their hitherto tardy movements may have given just grounds for being looked on as the eleventh hour labourers, now follow the laudable example, and for opportunities long neglected, hope to make amends by their assiduity in a cause which should long since have engaged their attention,—a cause which cannot fail to elicit the warmest approbation of the Christian and the patriot, and prove as conducive to our intellectual and moral growth as the gentle shower is refreshing to the parched and withering verdure.

Under circumstances the most flattering that could be hoped for, they have succeeded in forming an “Irish Temperance Society” in this city—which Society, even in its infant state,

* It is with much pleasure that the committee refer their readers to the annexed, valuable and interesting letter of the late and lamented Bishop Doyle, a man whose sincere piety and eminent talents were creditable to himself, his country and his calling. Professor Edgar, of Belfast, stands at the head of the Temperance reform, and the whole committee are under the impression that Mr. O’Connell is actively engaged in the cause, but to what extent they are uncertain.

has done much good, and promises to become increasingly useful, in proportion as a knowledge of its principles and objects become duly disseminated and properly understood. Its sole aim and end is to make *practical* Temperance men, unequivocally repudiating the most remote design at any effort to the making of proselytes either in *politics* or *religion*. This is the Societies' bond of union, and members' pledge—a pledge which to violate, would be to blast the fairest prospects of a measure, which will do more to advance the interests of Irishmen in New England, and in America at large, than any and all the measures they have ever attempted to effect.

The following resolution was unanimously passed at the organization of the Society, which resolve is intended to stand in full force as long as the Society shall exist.

“Resolved, That it will be a leading trait in the character and conduct of the members of this Society, not to recognize each other as Protestants or Catholics, not as Whigs or as Democrats, but as Temperance men, and Temperance men only.”

A Society thus liberally constituted, cannot fail to speak volumes to men in every rank,—it will speak to our country's honour—it will prove our identity with moral principle, and silence the puny voice that dares to doubt our politically plighted faith. It will do good every way, and that good will be in proportion to its numbers, and their vigilance, and thus will its efforts be enhanced by the accumulation of its redeemed and regenerated victims to the bowl, as augments the mountain avalanche in coursing down its native Alpine cliffs.

The provisions of this Society have met nearly all the obstacles that have long stood between many of our countrymen and their social glass; liberal as they are, however, there yet remains a few points, which to meet, would be to step beyond the bounds of liberality itself. Nor do we think it would be wise to meet objections which, if there were first a willing mind and a resolution of purpose, would cease to be objections; for if we were to judge of their sincerity by the validity of these insurmountable—these impregnable points, we venture to pre-

dict, with no ordinary share of confidence, that a great majority of reflecting and discriminating men, would be led to look on that sincerity as *very questionable*.

The first point we shall notice, is this,—“It is not,” say they, “the use, but the abuse, that does the evil.” Perhaps this is true, but then that experience, which is the best school-master, teaches us that it is a use so liable to abuse, so often and woefully abused, as to render even its most moderate use unwarrantable. There is always danger in trifling with an edge tool. Says Eugene Aram, in his celebrated speech, “Man is never corrupted at once; villany is progressive, and declines from right, step after step, until every regard for probity is lost, and every sense of moral obligation totally perishes.” This is exactly the progress of intemperance, slow, imperceptible, but certain. Nor is Pope’s description of vice less applicable to the danger arising from the use, however moderate :—

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Just so it is with intemperance; the very name of a drunkard is at first intolerable, presently we endure it, and a little further on we find the moderate drinker, until in this sweet seductive way, countless thousands, without at all intending it, find themselves inextricably its victims, and they thus go down to the grave of the drunkard, if not the suicide,

“Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

We have heard of angels falling from their high estate to the degradation and misery of devils, but we know of no instance in which devils have been elevated to the happiness of angels. Neither have we known an instance in which the habitual drunkard has become the moderate drinker, while facts, as numerous as they are mournful, prove, that the greatest sots started with all the pride of free agency, and self-possession, and capability, in using the fatal cup *moderately*. The use prepares the way for the abuse, as secretly, but as truly, as the lingering

clouds of night gradually vanish before the beams of dawning day. But we pass on to another point with this single remark, that "touch not, taste not, handle not," is the only rule for perfect security.

The second argument is this,—“If,” say they, “men who cannot be blind to the evils attendant on drunkenness, have not within themselves sufficient strength of mind to refrain from it, then, joining your Society will never make them refrain.” This is one of the invulnerable points, and accordingly is given in evidence against the expediency of Temperance Societies, in all the assurance of success with which a mathematician would adduce his demonstration from Euclid. As well might it be argued that a man need not read his bible, nor go to his church, nor attend to any other ordinance of religion, because that he having a knowledge of the consequences of sin, this knowledge does not prevent him from the commission of crime. But is this conclusive, rather is it not false sophistry?

Another argument against the “Irish Temperance Society,” in particular, is, that “*Some poor men and women get their living by selling liquor.*” For shame! This is the highest insult that can be levelled at the feelings of our countrymen and countrywomen. Where is the Irishwoman that would not spurn the imputation with scorn? Where is the Irishman that would not blush to have it said, or even thought, that his living was dependent on the ruined fortunes and blasted characters of his countrymen? What! get a living at the expense of the widow’s tears? Get a living at the expense of the orphan’s cries? Get a living at the expense of the drunkard’s curse? It cannot be,—surely it is not so?

The indirect, but obviously the most dangerous enemies to the cause of Temperance, finding themselves beset at every pass, like Goldsmith’s schoolmaster, who,

“Even though vanquished, he could argue still,”

as a last resort betake themselves to this subterfuge, viz.: “I am temperate myself, and I approve of the objects of your Society. I think a reformation on the subject would be of

great utility, and highly creditable to our countrymen. I therefore hope your Society will succeed, but I cannot join it, my name will do no good, and as for influence, I have none." On the same principle, precisely, does a large portion of those in our native country keep aloof from the popular and liberal movements of the day. "Go on," they exclaim, "friends of your country, your cause is good—we wish you success, but we cannot sign a petition to parliament,—our name could accomplish little, our influence less." Fellow Countrymen, we ask you, where would have been the cause of freedom in Ireland, had such been the prevailing sentiments? What would have borne up the spirits of an O'Connell, a Grattan, and a Shiel, had the people withheld their influence and signatures. The fact is, every man has influence, and especially are we inexcusable for not exerting it, in a country where the voice of the poor man counts as much as that of the rich. How many, even of the few privileges already granted to our suffering country, would have been secured without the aid and influence of the friends of freedom? Associated influence—union and perseverance have thus far gained for them laurels of victory. It was this that brought forward and gained for them Emancipation—this procured for them the passage of the Reform Bill—and this alone will eventually secure for them national Independence.

Let us, then, like "good men and true," shake off the reproach that our negligence has long permitted to rest on us—"That we care for none of these things." We call upon our countrymen throughout the land, and affectionately invite them to aid us by their influence and example, in carrying on the noble principles of Temperance.

It has appeared to us that a very unjust, yet constant outcry has been raised against the dealers in intoxicating liquors. The consumers, after the example of Father Adam, who said "the woman gave it to me, and I did eat," are ever ready to saddle their guilt on the venders, and thus excuse themselves by seeking shelter under the imbecile plea,—“If we were not tempted by having it exposed to us in all its inviting forms, we

would not drink it." But we think that, at present, as well as at a future day, this cloak will prove as inadequate for a covering to conscience, as the argument to which we have alluded, was insufficient to excuse its author from the curse of an offended Deity.

Moreover, we think that the consumer is so far from being tempted, that it is exactly the reverse. The dealer in intoxicating drinks, like dealers in any other commodity, sell for gain, while a positive loss—a loss of time, of money, of health—a loss in every respect, and no profit whatever can possibly accrue to the consumer. It needs not the magnifying lenses by which the late wonders of the moon were discovered, to discern that the venders are here exposed to a temptation direct and positive,—a temptation too of the very worst kind,—a temptation of dollars and cents. But, verily, it requires better optics than we are possessed of, to render visible the temptation of which the consumer complains.

In view of this, we are unable to arrive at any other conclusion, than that the guilt, and the whole guilt, should rest with the consumer. This appears, first, from the fact that, in purchasing, they present the trafficker with a gross and palpable temptation. It is a self-evident truth, founded on political economy, that a vender of any commodity will cease to recruit his stock whenever unable to effect his sales advantageously. And, secondly, that the guilt should rest wholly with the consumer, appears true, in that the use of intoxicating drinks are the battlements, the armour, and the arms of Satan's kingdom.

Fellow Countrymen, the arguments we have here stopped to examine, are those of the arch enemy, and such as are indifferent to their own and our general good. They are snares and stumbling blocks, mere tricks—tricks as pregnant with cunning as they are false in logic, and unsustained by fact; and we think that if you are not deaf to all sense of truth and reason—if you are not blind to your own interest and honour, it will require no ingenuity, no eloquence, and but little argument, to convince you of their fallacy. You will see that they are but the death throes of men labouring under conviction—the last

struggle of a contaminating, destructive, poverty-making practice. What wonder then—what wonder if

“Drowning men catch at straws.”

If a foreign foe were to invade these shores, we would feel it a common cause to repel him or find an honourable grave. This is our pride and boast; shall we then give an opportunity for having it said that we are valiant only when danger is far off? rather let us bear testimony to the sincerity of our sentiments, by girding on the armour of moral courage and self denial, now that the foe is domestic, and in the midst of us, in our very streets, at our very doors.

When the tocsin of war was sounded, which still reverberates on our borders, our countrymen of the South, ever alive to a sense of duty, marched to meet the harder arguments of the tomahawk and scalping knife; and if, while intemperance is waging its war, and slaying its thousands, and scattering its firebrands around every fireside—if, while this enemy, more dangerous by far to our civil liberties than are all the Indians from Maine to Mexico—more dangerous even than would be all Europe combined,—if while this is true, and their countrymen of the North shrink from the contest, they may well blush to own us, and bid us forever cease to vaunt our prowess with the bayonet and the sabre.

The standard of revolt is raised—revolt against the primeval cause of the worst disease to which our countrymen are heirs to—revolt against what has been aptly termed the monster and the tyrant—revolt against the most wily, most seductive agent of all the devil's imps.

To counteract these, the Irish Temperance Society in co-operation with others* of similar objects, is intended; whether then are you willing to sleep on, and let its efforts become palsied, perhaps itself, like the fallen star,

“Set to rise no more,”

* Since the above was written, we learn, with pleasure, that an Irish Temperance Society has been formed in New York. We wish them success, and hope that, ere long, there will not be a city, or even a town, in the Union, that will not have its Irish Temperance Society.

or whether you will rally round its banner, and by your associated influence, your precept, and your example, sustain it in triumph, in honour, and in usefulness? We wait for no reply. We will recognize your answer in your actions. If you choose the former course, the responsibility be on your own heads, the consequences on your posterity—your children. But if you choose the latter, then we say to you in the words of your countryman—"Fortune may not gild, power may not ennoble you, but you shall be rich in love, and titled by the blessings of thy country. Thy path shall be illumined by the public eye,—thy labours enlightened by public gratitude—and oh, remember, amid the impediments with which corruption will oppose, and the dejection with which disappointments may depress you,—remember you are acquiring a name to be cherished by the future generations of earth, long after they have been enrolled amongst the inheritors of heaven."

WILLIAM P. McKAY, } *In behalf of the*
JAMES D. FITZGERALD, } *Committee.*

LETTER OF DR. DOYLE,

Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

We subjoin, in conclusion, the following letter from DR. DOYLE, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP of Kildare and Leighlin, to the Secretary of the Dublin Temperance Society, as his views on this subject are as well suited to the meridian of Boston as Dublin.

SIR,—I shall do all I can to aid your Society, for how can I, or how can any clergyman engaged in sowing the gospel seed, be truly solicitous for its growth and increase, unless we be anxious to prepare the ground in which it is sown? Temperance Societies are in a league of brotherly love against a vice, which at this day is the greatest obstacle to the propagation of gospel truth, and of pure and undefiled religion.

Clergymen, of whatever creed, labour to enforce the divine morality of the gospel; they often complain, and justly, that their labours in the pulpit are not seconded abroad by heads of families, even by those whose lives are blameless; but here are societies whose active members are cordially united, without danger of jealousy or division, in seeking to stem a torrent of iniquity, which, like the mountain flood, is gradually covering this portion of the Lord's vineyard. No person whose attention is directed to public morals, can fail to see, and almost touch the evils of drunkenness. Disease, poverty, crime, and even death in its most ignominious shape, grow naturally and quickly out of drunkenness. This vice enters like oil into the bones of a man, and is transmitted as an inheritance of woe to his children; it wastes his property, enfeebles his mind, breaks down his frame, exposes his soul to almost certain perdition, and ruins his posterity; how, therefore, can any clergyman who labours to establish the kingdom of God in the hearts of the

people, fail to rejoice when he sees good men of all classes come forward zealously and disinterestedly, to assist him in turning away their less fortunate brethren from this most absorbing vice, *that root of all evil in Ireland—excessive drinking?* I call it the root of all evil, for verily, I don't know any vice that has not its origin in drunkenness, or does not receive increase from it.

I am not competent to judge—I do not stop to inquire whether the means employed by Temperance Societies are those of all others best calculated to promote the end in view—most probably they are the very best of all means at present practicable; but even if they were not, and if these Societies did not present to us, as a proof of their efficacy, a great portion of the American people, and not a few of our own, reclaimed from drunkenness, yet, in my opinion, they deserve, on their own merits, our best support; for your rules are good—they are unmixed with evil—their excellence and perfection are their only reputed faults; but certainly, we who believe that “the kingdom of heaven is taken by violence, and that the violent bear it away,” should not lightly reject a mode of reforming public morals, whose only imputed fault is, that it offers violence to passion or guilt, or proposes to men the perfection of living soberly and justly in the world.

DECLARATION

Of the Physicians of Dublin.

The following is the declaration of the physicians of Dublin :—

“ We, the undersigned, hereby declare that, in our opinion, nothing would tend so much to the improvement of the health of the community as an entire disuse of ardent spirits, which we consider as the most productive cause of the diseases and consequent poverty and wretchedness of the working classes of Dublin :—

Alex. Jackson, M. D., State Physician.

John Crampton, M. D., Prof. Mat. Med.

R. Carmichael.

Fr. L'Estrange.

S. Wilmot, Prof. Surgery.

Philip Crampton, Surgeon General.

R. M. Peile.

Thos. Mills, M. D.

Cusack Roney.

J. Cheyne, M. D., Physician General.

A. Colles, Prof. of Surgery.

Francis Barker, M. D., Prof. Chem. T. C. D.

Thomas H. Orpen, M. D.

S. B. Labatt, M. D.

John O'Brien, M. D., Vice-Presid. K. and Q. Coll.

John Breen, M. D.

Thos. Hewson.

J. W. Cusack.

J. Browne, M. D.

John Houston.

John M'Donnell.

J. Harvey, M. D.

R. L. Nunn.

Corn. Daly, M. D.

Will. Auchinleck.

Francis White.

R. M'Namara, Prof. Mat. Med.

Rob. Bell, M. D.

Maurice Collis.

C. E. H. Orpen.

W. Stokes, M. D.

J. A. Crawford, M. D.

W. W. Campbell.

Will Renny.

J. Kirby.

John Osborne, M. D.

W. J. Morgan, M. D.

R. Collins, M. D., Master Lying in Hosp.

John Mollan, M. D.

G. A. Kennedy, M. D.

Rob. Law, M. D.

Hen. Marsh, M. D., Prof. Med.
 Pract. Coll. Sur.
 Eph. M'Dowel.
 N. Adams, M. D.

Ch. Johnson, M. D.
 George Hayden.
 C. J. Madden.
 J. C. Brennan."

"Being thoroughly convinced, by long and extensive observation amongst the poor and middling classes, that there does not exist a more productive cause of disease, and consequent poverty and wretchedness, than the habitual use of ardent spirits, I cannot therefore hesitate to recommend the *entire* disuse of such a poison, rather than incur the risks necessarily connected with its most moderate use.

"WILLIAM HARTY,
 "Physician to the Prisons of Dublin."

OFFICERS
OF THE
IRISH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM P. McKAY.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

PATRICK A O'NEIL,
JOHN SCARLETT.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

STEPHEN J. ROGERS.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

JAMES D. FITZGERALD.

TREASURER.

JAMES SMITH.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES B. CLINTON,
JAMES CAMPBELL,
URIAH RITCHIE,
THOMAS MARSHAL,
JOHN F. CARROLL,
EDWIN A. PALMER.

